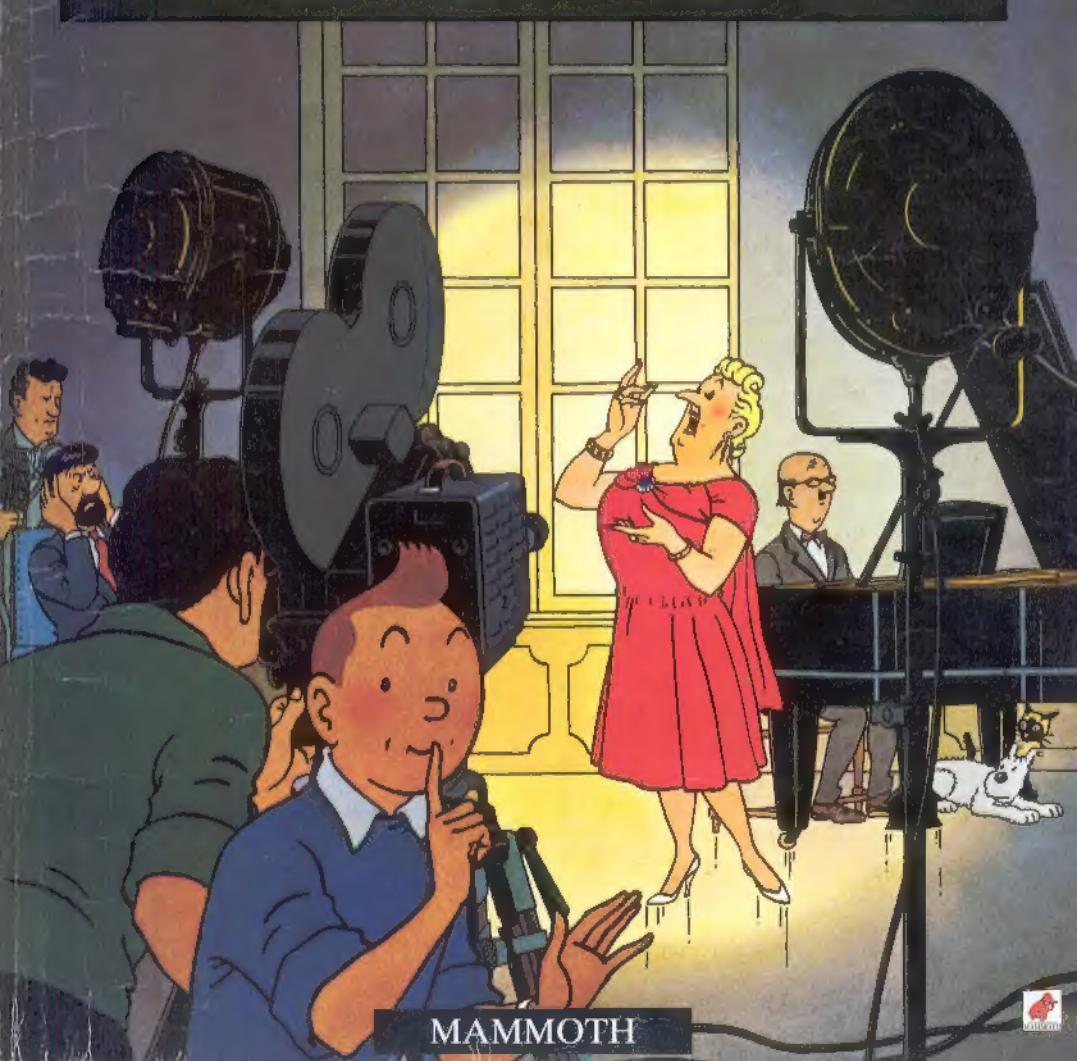




HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



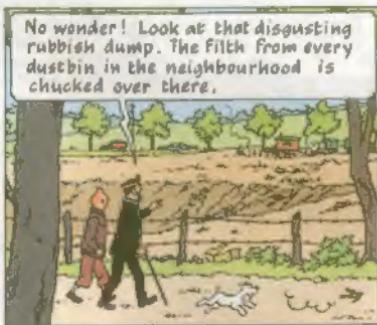
MAMMOTH



THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

Acc No : 146

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Trouble!

Well, if that's all you can see, I can tell your fortune, too!

You must be careful... otherwise I see an accident... But not serious... I see you in a carriage... AAAH! A beautiful stranger approaches... She is coming to visit you... AAAH! She has wonderful jewels, and... OOH!... A terrible disaster

The jewels are gone... vanished!... stolen! You cross my palm with silver and I tell you many more things.

No, no! That's enough! Let go of my hand!

Just a little silver... otherwise you will suffer great misfortune! ...The jewels will disappear!

Me too!... That's enough mumbo-jumbo for one day.

Well, goodbye, and take care of that little cherub. But if you take my advice, you'll camp somewhere else, and not on this rubbish-dump... In the first place, it's unhealthy...

D'you think we're here because we like it? D'you imagine we enjoy living surrounded by filth?

You mean...

Quiet, Mike, let me talk to this gojo.

Me, a gajo?

That's what we call anyone who isn't a Romany... Listen, we arrived here yesterday with a sick man, and this was the only place where the police would let us camp.

So that's it!

Blistering barnacles! Now, just you listen to me. You're not staying here!... There's a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whenever you like.

Making people live on a dung-heap like this. It's revolting!

I'm glad you could help them.



Poor Professor!... Anything broken!



Yes, a piece several inches long!



That confounded step! Still not repaired! When's that staggard of a builder coming?

I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...

Well, I'll show you how to deal with him!



Hello?... Hello! Mr Bolt?... What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher... Yes, sir, ... Not at all, sir.



Hello?... Is that Mr. Bolt?



Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tiresome... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When?... Well, yes, I... I'll come along... er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good-bye.

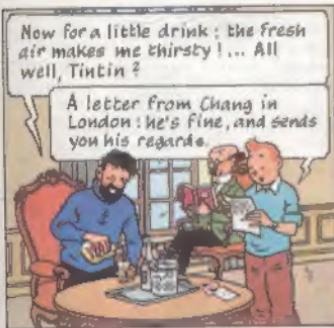


That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink; the fresh air makes me thirsty!... All well, Tintin?

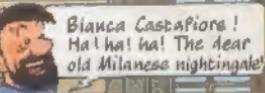


A letter from Chang in London: he's fine, and sends you his regards.

What a nice lad he is.



Yes, and another letter... You'll never guess who from: Blanca Castafiore!



Blanca Castafiore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!

AAAAAH ♫♪ My beauty... ♫♪



...past compare... Ma-R-A-argarita ♪♪



Hello, there's a storm brewing.

And what has that delightful creature to say?



No, it's passed over.



That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!

Castafiore? ... Tomorrow??
... Here ??? You're pulling
my leg!!!

Read it yourself.

My dear young Tintin, it is so long since
... blablabla... two recitals in your
country... blablabla... escape from the
press... blablabla... May your simple and
unaffected friend (not half!) invite
herself to Marlinspike Hall? ... bla bla-
bla... I shall arrive on the 17th... What?

Castafiore?!... Here?!... Cata-
clysm! Calamity! Catastrophe!

Er... there's a
little postscript
for you...



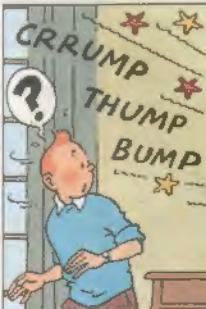
Nestor, pack my bags
this instant! I must
be out of this house in
an hour!

Very good...
sir...



But, thundering typhoon, you knew
the step was broken!... I've made
myself hoarse reminding you
about it!





Thundering typhoons, that step!... That confounded step! Just wait till I see that bone-idle builder!

Nothing broken, I hope?

Lucky not. Though I might easily have sprained something

YEOW!

It's a bad sprain... and you've pulled the ligaments.

Tomorrow I'll put it in plaster...

In plaster!!... A sprained ankle?!... But doctor, I'm leaving today for Italy.

Out of the question. Absolute rest with the foot in plaster for a fortnight. Think yourself fortunate you didn't break a leg.

And my advice to you is, get that step repaired. Someone else might not have your good luck... Goodbye.

Goodbye, doctor.



Luck? If that's luck, give me disaster!!

CUCKOO

Ah, dear Captain Fatstock!... How too divine to see you again!

How... how did you get in?

Misericordia! What has happened to you?

A sprain! But... how did you get in?



Just as we arrived, dear Tintin was showing someone out. So we didn't need to ring.

"We"? There can't be more than one of you!

But of course! Irma, my maid, always travels with me...

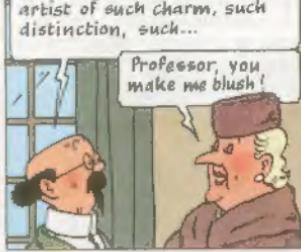
...and so does my accompanist, Igor Wagner, who obviously has to... ha! ha! ha! accompany me!



Excuse me, signora, may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.

How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you: the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!

I am deeply honoured, signora. What a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...



I sincerely hope so, signora. Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.

Nestor, please show the signora to her room.

Yes, sir.

How kind... But first... er... Irma, where is she... er... the little something for dear Captain Drydock?

In the taxi, madame. I'll fetch it.



I thought... I thought that an old sailorman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little boat... Il povero capitano!

I knew you'd adore...

Here, Madame.

...this pretty polly to be your constant companion.

That's very kind of you, but...



...What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me... er... greater pleasure.

Here, Irma, put him on his perch.

Yes, madame.

I can't stand animals who talk!

They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... To work, Gino!



He's called Tago, a compliment to dear Signor Verdi. He's so affectionate. We love nice Captain Hopscotch already, don't we?

Stroke him, Captain, don't be afraid, he wouldn't hurt a fly

KILIXIKILIXIKILIXI

How sweet! He's taken to you already. Ah, animals have an unfailing instinct they immediately attach themselves to those they love.

You think so?

CRO!

YEOWWW!

Billions of bilious blue blistering
barbecued barnacles!... Cannibal!
.. Bashi-bazouk!... Vampire!

Hello-o-o! I
can hear you!

Please, Captain Stopcock! Such language!
... Poor polikins might learn it!... Show
me your hand.

CRO!

Now, now our finger is just a teeny weeny bit sore
Irmaaa The first aid things please!



Here is the case madame and this,

Of course I forgot! Dear Tintin this is just a little
gift from me to you.

There we are A pretty little butter
fly to comfort the poor sailorman

The Jewel Song!

I'm very grate
ful & gnora
It was very
kind of you to
think of me.

Not at all, not at all!
I thought it would
remind you of our
first meeting in
Sylvania. Do you
remember?

Shall I ever forget it? Of
course, that was the first time
I heard you sing the Jewel
Song from "Faust"

Ah yes, the
jewel Song.

MERCY... MY
JEWELS!

Here, madame; I've got
your jewel-case

On, so you have I
can breathe again!

Now, my man, if you'd
be kind enough to
show me to my room

As the signora wishes.

Oh, I almost forgot... The reporters will probably
run me to earth here. May I ask my brave sailor
to protect me?... Not a single interview no publicity,
no photographs... nothing! I came here incognito;
you must help me to escape

Of course!

May I point out to the
signora that the fourth
step is broken

Yes, yes,
I see

The signora's room

Rav shing

What delightful old furniture!
...and a four-poster bed.
It's... er... Henry the Tenth,
is it not?

Charles the
first signora.

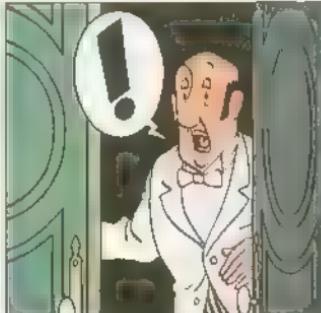
Precisely what I meant,
of course

If the signora will excuse
me: the door-bell.

You may go

Fiddle! What
is it now?

Oh dear... The step!





I'll put the telephone here
Captain, where you can reach it.

Thanks Tintin that's very kind



Oh sir! In the drive... a whole horde of
gipsies! They say you told them to come,
sir, you invited them to camp in the
grounds

That's right, Nestor. Show
them into the big meadow,
down by the stream.



But sir!... If I may make
so bold, sir... Gipsies, sir...
Nothing but a bunch of thiev-
ing rogues... They'll only
make trouble for you,
sir.

Trouble!!



How can I be in worse trouble?
... Go and see to them, Nes-
tor

But I er Very
good sir



Would you like me to
go, Captain? Nestor
has so much to do
in the house al-
ready.

Thanks



inviting gipsies
to stay



He's mad... He's absolutely
mad! He'll come a crop
per one of these days! ...



THUMP

Blistering barnacles
that step! Why can't
people look where
they're going!



RRRING

Hello Yes Haddock here.
Who's that? The police!
What z! z



Ah, Captain, my men report that some gypsies who were camping by the main road have moved... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello?.. What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!.. I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you...



Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gypsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you; you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble! Ha' ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irina and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha ha'.



Meanwhile

Mission completed all settled in



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us...



GRRR! WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR!

Hello what's up? Snowy's got wind of something.



WOOAH! WOOAH! EERR! GRRR!

Snowy! More Snowy!



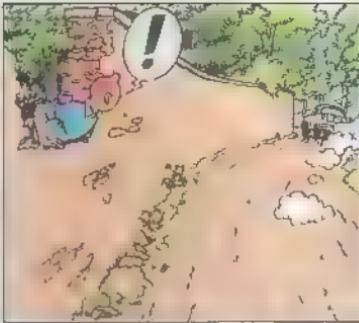
?

WOOAH! WOOAH!

Hey who are you? Stop!

WOOAH! WOOAH!





O Dol Domo'

What happened?

There ... in my room at
the window a monster!

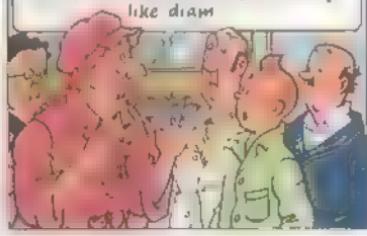
A monster?

There's nothing
here, signora
Absolutely nothing

But I did... I saw a monster I tell
you A ghost or something It
was horrible I heard a long, mourn-
ful cry and I saw two eyes shining
like diamonds

MERCY!
MY JEWELS!
IRMAAA!
MY JEWELS??!

No, no madame they
are quite safe.



TUWIT - TUWOO

O Die! That voice!

The cry of the monst-
er! ... Listen!

That?... But that's
only a bird just
a poor old night-
owl!

Are you sure?
And the foot-
steps on the ceiling?

On the
ceiling?

Yes, I heard someone walk-
ing about upstairs... It was
a man, I'm certain

Impossible, signora.
It's only the attic
above, and no one
lives up there

But I assure you...

Don't be afraid, signora
Go back to sleep... and
close your window;
then you won't need
to worry

The next morning

I might just have
a look under
Signora Castaflore's
window.



That's
the one

Well well well . . .



Footprints! ...Right under the window!... Was she telling the truth, then?

The very

No. It would never support a man's weight...A child, maybe?.. But then there'd be traces of the climb. Any-way, the footprints are those of an adult

But whose? That's the problem...Someone from the house?... One of the two strangers I chased yesterday? A gypsy?

Here, Snowy We'll take a walk down by the encampment

If there are any footprints, they'll show up in the mud. So let's go where they water their horses

No, none like those we saw in the flowerbed

SPLASH



WOOAH WOOAH!



Come on, Snowy. We shan't find our humorous friend by staying here

There he goes Ha! ha! He didn't wait for a second round, the little brat. I don't like the way he's always snooping around

So, that's who it was that gypsy.. he threw the stone. But why?

We don't seem to be much further on. Come on Snowy, home

That's the doctor leaving. he'll have put the Captain's foot in plaster. But there's another car. Who does that belong to?



What a scream! Anyway, a bit of... uck I popped in. A proper godsend, that's me. This lady was just telling me about last night's caper. And what does Jolyon Wagg discover? Hold on to your hats.

Her jewels, her famous jewels, aren't even insured! What about that? A proper carry-on, eh?

Worth thousands and thousands. She's got one little sparkler, an emerald... Given to her out East by some character Marjorie something or other...

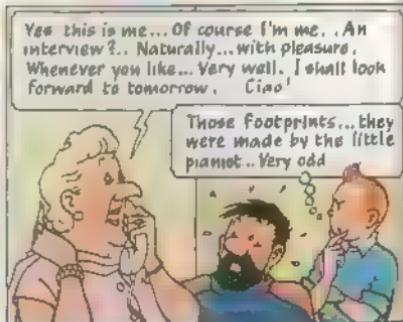


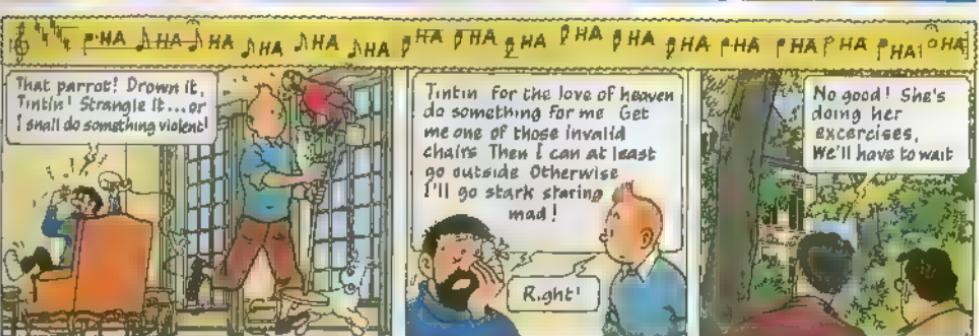
That's the chap. And that little tit-bit alone is worth a fortune. Crazy what you get for a song, eh? Beats me. Not that I've got anything against music, but between you and me, I prefer a dollop of wallop any day

Not a single jewel covered. So I said: "Lady, you give me a list of your knick-knacks, and Jolyon Wagg will insure the whole shoot!"

Fiddlesticks! It's all f'xed... I'll be back in a day or two with a policy. Cheeरio For now, Duchess. Pleased to meet you!





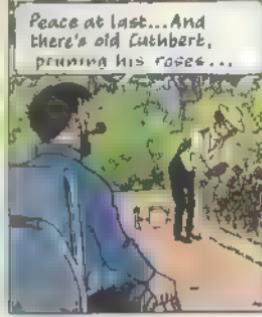


The next morning ...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat

Captain! Captain!



Meanwhile

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen, I will inform the signore.

Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you?... How's the foot?

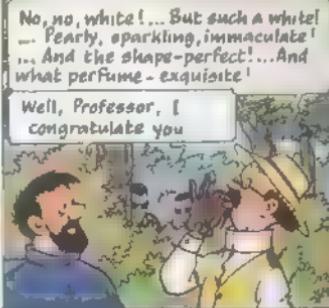


Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

Well done! Splendid! Better than building rockets and chasing off into the blue.

No, no, white! ... But such a white! ... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate! ... And the shape-perfect! ... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you



What was that? Who shouted?

I've had an idea - I think I may say an inspiration.

Hi! Stop, who-ever you are!

Idiot! Did you have to put your great feet into a wasps' nest?

As I told you, the rose I have created is white. Now, what is white in Italian?

Bianca, of course. Bianca! You follow me!

Bianca! Bianca! ..who were those ectoplasmic, bolting like rabbits? That's what interests me!

Yea Bianca, like our delightful guest. This rose shall be called 'Bianca Castafiore' A charming compliment, don't you think?

The scoundrels! I'll bet they were up to no good!

But the world must wait... You mustn't breathe a word, I implore you. It must be a complete surprise

What? Which? A surprise? For whom?

That's agreed, isn't it? I can count on you. This is strictly between ourselves.

Strangers in the park. What's it all about?

Hello who's that on the seat? Oh, it's...

IRMAAA!

IRMAAA!

Yes madame

Where are you, Irma?

Here madame, I'm coming

Take cover!

Have you seen Captain Hammock? I simply must find him.

If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes madame

Disaster! They're coming this way I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...

...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child.

There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz
Zzzz

Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What? ...Oh, I must have been asleep.

Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here. Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!

I see I must scold you for something else, too... That Jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But...

It's like your hair!... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But...

Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

Morning

Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Haesock and I will expect you to lunch.

Now, my dear, let us have a little chat

Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...

True or not, Marco my boy
t'll tell!

I can just see
the cover!

Look, a gardener. Come on,
we'll try to pump him

O.K. !

But...it isn't the gardener... it's
Professor Calculus, who went to the
moon with Tintin. He should be in
the know.

Let's go!

Good morning Professor May we in-
troduce ourselves Christopher
Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto
of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card

from the Yard?

Reporters!... So that's it!
The Captain had to tell
someone. He's already
talked to the papers
about my new rose,
the old gossip!

Tell me, Professor, off the record,
isn't there something in the wind
between La Castafiore and Cap-
tain Haddock?... Plans for a
wedding?... Am I right?

It was the Captain
who told you, wasn't
it?

Well... yes and no... You know how
it is... we reporters... flair, you
understand ... So it's true?

Great sunspots! And he
promised to say
nothing! It was to
have been a surprise...

I quite understand . How
soon will it be?

It all depends
on the weather
... But it
could happen
any day now

Aha! So it's imminent, then!
And... how long has this been
fixed? Can you give any little
snippets about them... How
they first met, for example?

Precisely! .. It
was two years
ago

..at the Chelsea Flower Show
But ssh! Here she comes ...
Signora Bianca, with the Captain
Not a word about this!

Right!

Er... the professor was telling us er, about
his roses. How magnificent they are!

Exquisite I was
just saying so to
Captain Haddock

Meanwhile

Got that? Sugarpurn
Or ana - Semiramis...

That's right. Exactly
No no I'll ring you my
self OK then till
tomorrow

Oh now I adore flowers! They bring
them in armfuls but I
never get tired of them!

Dear lady allow me to offer you
this modest "Crimson Glory" --
until er something better
comes along Ha ha!

Oh, Professor!

MMMM! What
a sweet scent!

Smell, Captain!... In-
hale the fragrance
Exquisite, isn't it?

YEOW!

Bulldogs of bl stinging
 barnacles! I've been
stung by a bee!

My poor boy how did you manage to do that?
And what a terrible fuss! You frightened
me to death! Wait, I'll help you. First
remove the sting... There! Then apply
crushed rose petals

There!
Better already,
aren't we?

Now, my friends, I'll leave
you. I must change for
lunch Ciao'

Tra la la la la

You're looking for Captain
Maggot, I'm sure. You'll
find him in the rose gar-
den. The poor darling, he's
been stung on the nose by a bee.

A bee-stung on the
nose... Poor Captain:
that could be
horrily painful

E-E-EEK!
MY
NECKLACE!

IRMA-A-A!
IRMA-A-A!

Yes,
madame

Oh, it's you! Something
frightful has happened! I've
just broken my necklace!

Don't worry signor,
I'm sure
we'll find all
the beads.

There you are at last! I've
been calling you for hours. You
should have been here to pick
up my necklace.

I am so grateful, my young friend.
It's not that this necklace is particularly
valuable: it's only fashion jewel-
lery. But it's from Tristan Bior. And
say what you like, Bior is still
Bior!

Now let's see about
the Captain's
nose

Don't think I'm angry with
you Captain, but why did
you tell them about my rose?

What? Your rose?

Your rose? Will you shut up about your
rose! Blistering barnacles, if I hadn't
had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't
have a nose like an overgrown straw-
berry!

Oh no, what?

Excuse me, madame, have you
seen my embroidery scissors...
you know, the little gold
ones

Why should I have seen
them, you rascal? It's not my job
to look after your things.

I didn't say that madame.
It's strange, I had them
earlier, when you called me
the first time; when I re-
turned to my seat I couldn't
find them.

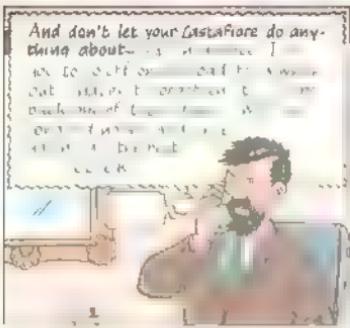
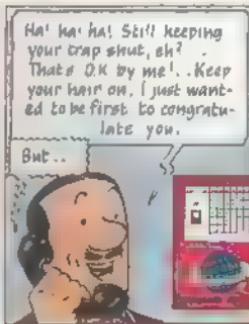
We'll have a good look, my
child... No one's going to steal
a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame

Meanwhile

Little scissors made of gold... Aren't
they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!



Read that and tell me if it conveys anything to you. And that idiot Waggs has just rung up to congratulate me.

Oh!

Heartiest congratulations Captain Chester...

Doesn't make
sense does it?

WHAT?



SCOOP!

PARISH
FLASH
INTERNATIONAL

MILANESE
NIGHTINGALE
BIANCA CASTAGNE
WILL MARRY
OLD SEA LION



At the Chelsea Flower Show
famed he wold one
of its most blooms
Bianca Castagno me
her four husband
retired Adam a Hammock
Our reporter have been
to Marianne Hall
to bring you
head int male a misses
of two happy couple

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE...



He opens his heart to no one to
the voice

Loneliness banished,
he never tires of hearing
the golden voice, singing
for him the famous Jewel
Song from "Faust"...!!??!!



Bistering Baracules
Wait till I get my hands
on the noseblee molecule
of mideew who screamed
up th s h terribl!



Hello-o-o!
I can hear
you!



CRO!



Buon giorno Tintin!
Buon giorno, Cap-
tain Bootblack!

Have you seen the marve lous
article about me in "Paris Flash"?

Yes, I have seen it madam! You call
it marvellous? Announcing our marriage

Oh yes priceless
isn't it?

But it doesn't mean a thing. The newspapers
have already engaged me to the Manarayah
of Cooptah, to Baron Ha Massout, the Lord
Chamberlain of Syldavia, to Colonel Sponsz,
to the Marquis d' Gorgonzola, and goodness
knows who. So you see, I'm quite used
to it.

Well I'm not madam and I...

RRRING

HELLO!

This is Thompson and Thomson,
with a p and without. Our west
dishes, er our wet dishes. I
mean, many congratulations Captain.
We've just seen Paris Flash.

KOUA KOUAKOUIN KOUIN
KOUIN KOUA KOUIN
KOUA BANG!

Now feed ninepins!

How very odd. Not a
word about my rose

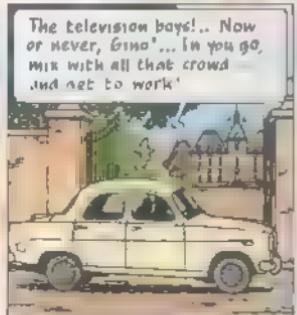
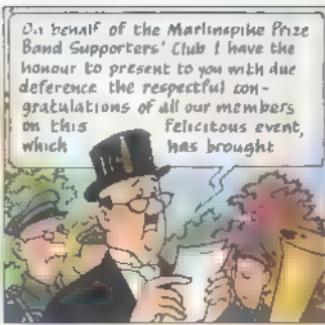
But but... oh, goodness!
goodness grac our!..
goodness gracious me!

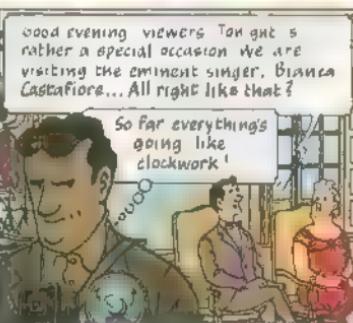
My dear friend!... My dear old
friend! Most hearty congratula-
tions!... How happy I am to hear
the news! But why didn't you
tell me before?

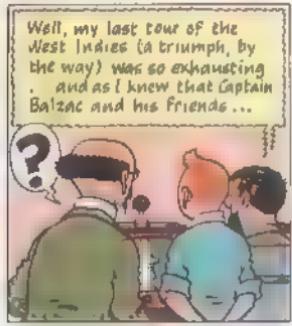
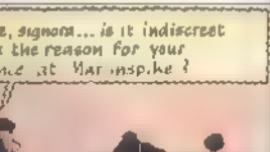
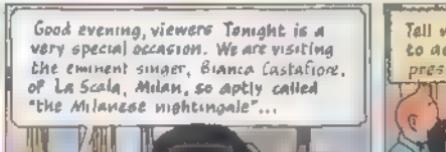
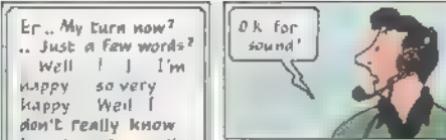
A few telegrams sir. And
may I be allowed, sir, to
offer my most respectful
felicitations

Good wishes, Cutts the butcher,
Congratulations, Mr and Mrs Bolt. Si-
cere greet nos Doctor Patella. My
most de lighted good wishes, Oliveira
da Figueira...

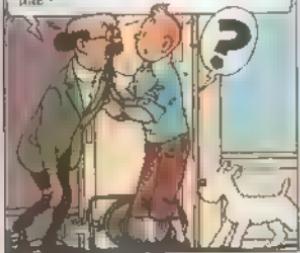








Stars above! What is the meaning of all this masquerade?



... A wedding is arranged, and I'm the last to hear about it! ... You install television, but you don't tell me! ... They're shooting a film here, and no one says a word!

It's a conspiracy! Everyone's plotting to keep me in the dark!



... And poor Signora Castafiore is appearing on television, and no one thinks of telling her! ... It's monstrous!



Come Professor let me explain ...

Pained? Me? Pained?? Certainly not, but ...



We'll pick up from the last question Stand by' sound on'



May I ask, signora, whether you have any plans?



Yes, a series of recitals in the United States where I shall stay for two months. They are longing to hear me

Poor Americans! What have they done to deserve it?

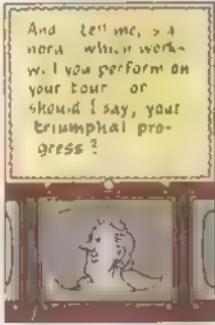


Then to South America to conquer the capitals

And reduce them to ruins as well!



And tell me, > a nova which works. Will you perform on your tour or should I say, your triumphal progress?



How well you put it! Yes as usual, I shall be singing Rossini Puccini Verdi Goun Oh, silly me! Gounod!



Ah, Gounod? What is it bound that you achieved your greatest success made your name infact?

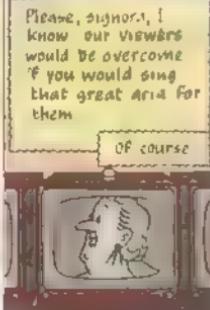


Yes the Jewel Song from "Faust" swept me to the pinnacle of fame. They say I'm divine .



Please, signora, I know our viewers would be overcome if you would sing that great aria for them

Of course



Emergency Take cover! She's going to sing!



Hello o o! I can hear you!



Come on, let's press
on! It's getting
late.

YIS OM OM!

Standby'
Sound
on!

AAAAAH! 
My beauty



past compare 
these jewels
bright
wear 

AAAHH!  My beauty

In you
do!



I CAN HEAR YOU!



Sacrilege! Who dares
to interrupt?

Cut



Madam na! It's Lago he's escaped
from his perch!



How clever animals are! And
what a true instinct they
have for art! Look at darling
Lago obviously he couldn't
pos' of my voice! But come,
my pet, I must take you back.
Excuse me! I won't be
a moment



Oh there you are, Captain Bed
rock... just imagine Lago got
free from his perch all by
himself just to come and
hear me!

Hmm... Amazing!



Meanwhile...

Quick as you can
now... All ready?
Quiet studio
please!

Tell me, 
I was I ever
 Marga...



...RITA...?!

Damn A
breakout!

This is the
last
straw!

?

!

?

The fuses I expect

Anyone got
a match?

HELP

MERCY! MY
JEWELS!

Mind one
cabies!

IRMAA - AA!
MY JEWELS!
Upstairs! Run!

Yes madame!

Here, Snowy, stay
close to me, other
wise you'll get
trodden on

WOOAH



MERCY
MY JEWELS!

What's the idea, run
ring around in the
dark? Where are
you off to?

SLAM

That's the front
door... Come
on, Snowy!
Let's see!

WOOAH

Down the drive! Some
one running away! Great
snakes it's the photographer!



Too late to catch him
now!



AAAH

AAAH

Ah there are
the fuses

What was t, Nestor?

Only the fuses
Mr T n n



Meanwhile...

This'll please
the boss!



Oh, madame! Madame



THUMP

That cursed
step again!

Your je... your jewels.

Well
Lorraine?



Your je... madame, your
jew-jew... your jewels!

In heaven's name,
speak, girl!



Gone, madame! All gone!
BOO HOO OO!

MORTE!!



AAAAAA

AAAAAA

Quick
Duck!





Over there!
on the sofa!

Hey!... Here's
another out
cold!

We must ring the police at once

I knew it would happen... Bop-hoo-hoo!... I knew it would!



Smelling salts
She needs
smelling salts!

A Fine
Carry



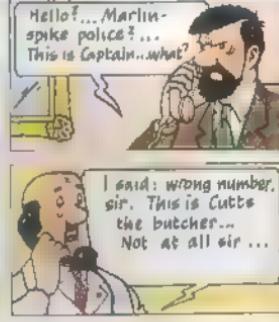
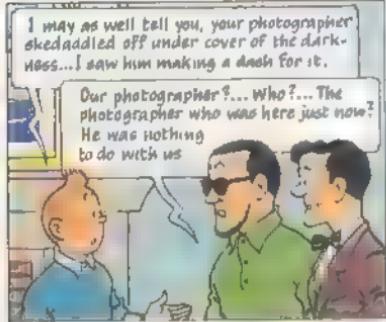
I may as well tell you, your photographer skedaddled off under cover of the darkness... I saw him making a dash for it.

Our photographer?... Who?... The
photographer who was here just now?
He was nothing
to do with us

But I thought he belonged to
your outfit

And I thought he was a
private photographer
engaged by Signora
Castafiore

Hello?... Martin-
spike police?...
This is Captain... who



Hello?... Marlinspike
police?... Oh good
This is Captain
Haddock



Good evening, Inspector..
Can you send someone along
here at once?.. There's
been a serious rob-
bery... What?..
A stroke of luck?

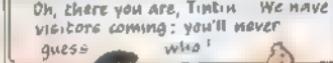


Blistering barnacles, what were those two ostrogoths doing at Marlinspike police station?



So the photographer
did it.. That's odd
very odd indeed!

I know
that look
it means
trouble!



Visitors, you said?
I bet it's the Thompsons!

Quite right!



You poor, poor things!... What happened?

I.. er.. I think I must have
braked a little late...

To be precise, I think you didn't
brake at all!

You're not hurt
I hope?



No not at all! Nothing
worries us! Look, we're
keeping it under our hats but
we're here on a most important
mission: we've been sent to
protect your guest, Signora
Castafiore, and her jewels...

Aaaa!



You dunder-headed Ethelreda!
... I suppose you've come to
shut the stable door eh?

Good-evening,
Captain

The stable door?... No
We came by car



The Captain means that the
horse has gone, someone's
just stolen the Castafiore
jewels

No?

Who?



That's what we've got to find
out. But come in, and we'll
put you in the picture



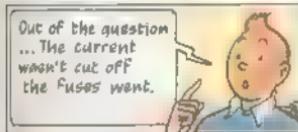
A few minutes later

These are the facts... Everything seems to
point to the mysterious photographer
and yet

Yet what? It's the
classic crime: an
accomplice cuts off the
current while...



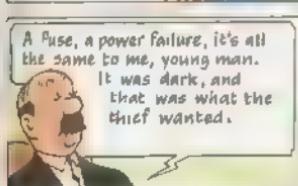
Out of the question
... The current
wasn't cut off
the fuses went.



Maybe... But he couldn't tell when the
fuses were going to blow, or even that
they'd blow at all... It was pure
chance.

Hmm

Just what I'd
HAVE said!



Well, since you're so keen to
dot the 'i's and cross the
't's, I'd be interested to
hear your answer to another little question which
I might ask you.



You say the fuses blew... All right . But did you discover that for yourself?

It was Nestor who told me when he came up from the cellar

Nestor? The butler? Ana!

Aha!

Nestor, who once worked for those crooks the Bird brothers ... A good testimonial!

Anyway, blistering barnacles Nestor is absolute, y honest, and I for bid you to suspect him!

We shall see, we shall see!... Meanwhile, we'll proceed with the routine questioning

Very well. Follow me

Look out, there are cables all over the place

Yes We know

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives

No one is to leave!

And here's Signora Castafiore I see she's come round

An S guera Nightingale the Milan est Castafiore

Signora! Charms!

Madam we are here to set light to er, to throw light on the circumstances surrounding your terrible loss

To be precise er

Go on, gentlemen

Just to clear up one point madam, where were the jewels usually hocked ... I mean locked?

Dead or alive, we shall find them, madam. Leave no stone unturned, that is our policy... Which reminds me: I presume your jewels are fully insured?

In a drawer in my room, upstairs ... Oh my jewels! ... My beautiful jewels!

Alas, no, gentlemen

Mr Swag promised to fix the whole thing up for me ...

Swag? Fix it up? ... Fix what? Madam, is this some sort of conspiracy?

No, no gentlemen. Mr Swag represents an insurance company

An, that's a right. Otherwise

Ye, other madam

Now, your jewels were in a drawer upstairs... good. Was the drawer locked?

The case? What case was that, madam?

Why, my jewel case of course, the one I..

Yes, and the key was hidden in a vase. I fetched it from there earlier on, when I took the case out of the drawer

I was sitting here

There. There! What did I tell you?

Mamma mia! I remember now!



My jewels! Look! The little darlings!... All here!... Yes!.. Oh, I could weep for joy. I'm so pleased to see them

really am a feather brain! I completely forgot, I'd come downsta re with my jewel-case, when these nice people from television arrived. How toe loo hilious! Anana! What a good laugh! Don't you agree, gentlemen?

Laugh, madam? Us madam? We are not amused, madam!... Good night!

Quite so, we are not amused!



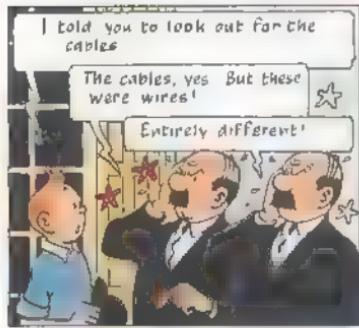
What is wrong?... Oh dear, what have I done?... Why are they so cross?

Here your hat! And mind the cables!



Thank you, we can manage. We've told you before, we're not children!





WOO-OO!

WOAH!

TU-WOOO

An owl! ... Heav-
ens, how it
made me jump!

Come on,
Snowy. Home!

Three days later

Yes... yes, I know... I mean
... Yes, it was a wedding...
er... my step-sister's cousin
... Yes... Look sir... I'll be
with you tomorrow morning
... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes,
yes, I promise,
sir... Yes, sir
Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come
tomorrow, my
fine friend, I'll
blistering bar-
nacles, I don't
know what I'll do
... but I won't
stand for it!



No! I won't stand
for it! I tell you
I won't stand for
it!

I'll take them to court! I'll
have them locked up!. To make
fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the
step!

I know. Look at that!.. It's
shameful! It's a disgrace!
It's monstrous! ... But they won't
get away with it, I can tell you!
... Look at it!



TEMPO DI ROMA

LA DIVA E IL
PAPPAGALLO
In questo numero
alle pagg. 8-9-10



But what's the matter?...
It's not at all bad, that
photograph...

Not bad! .. Not bad!...
Is that all you can
say? It's horrible,
I tell you!

Horrible? I wouldn't
say so... In fact,
I'd say it was a
very good like-
ness



That's right! Defend the cads! the boors!,
the bumpkins! Mannerless yokels! This is the
limit! And it's not just a question of the likeness!
It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What
do you mean?



I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo" and he got in without a soul knowing! You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer



Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark. Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" riff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone! ... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews! ... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"



Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened! ... And you! Wagner!

I want a word with you!



So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been? ... And who gave you permission to go out? ... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner: scales, Mr. Wagner'

But



And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole Feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My Fault?!



And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet? Obviously not! ... What's got into you, girl?



Morning, Duchess... How does it? All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right?... Fine!.. Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy.



DONG

Yes, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!



I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

Come off! You're joking!

Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag'. Good morning Mr. Sag



Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes signora
No signora
Yes signor

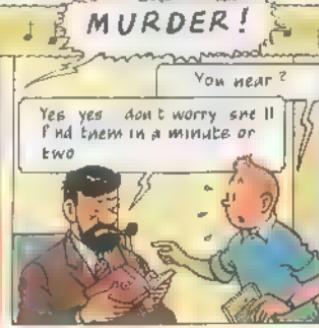
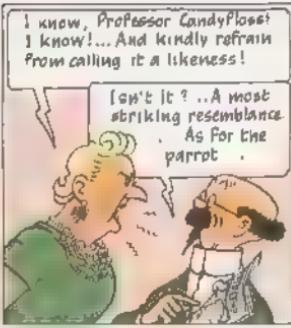
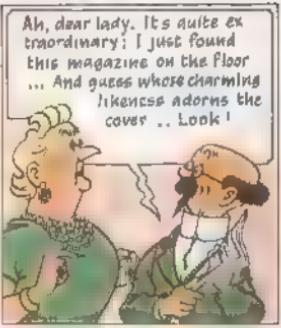


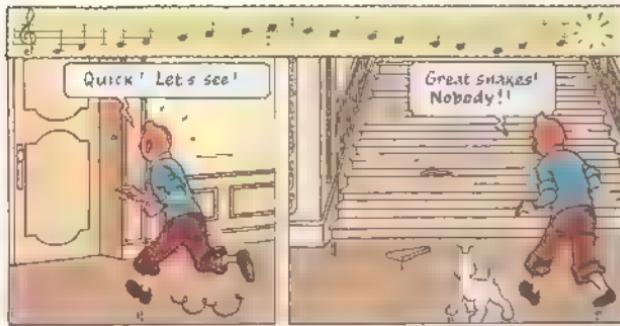
Hello, girl!



SLAM







unless I'm very much mistaken it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now

He lo? Yes this is me yes with a p, as in Philadelphia
Good mor What A rob
bery? An emerald? But
I Look... Signora Castafiore
She's quite sure isn't she
it really has been stolen this
time?

A good
question

Yes, I'm afraid
it has

Good That's lucky for her
I don't mind telling you
, if shed got us up to
Marlinspike on another
wild goose chase we
wouldn't have come.

Definitely
not!

Half an hour later .

In a nutshell... If the theft was com-
mitted by someone in the house, then
there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner,
Nestor, Calculus, Tintin, and of
course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting ... ?

Wait!... Three on our list can be
ruled straight out: you, because
you couldn't have gone upstairs in
your wheelchair; Tintin, who was
with you; and Wagner: he was
playing the piano in the maritime
gallery.

If you can call it playing

That leaves Irma, Nestor,
and the Professor

One of those three a
criminal?... You must
be crazy!

And so, with your permission
we will question each of
them separately in
private

All right. I'll send
Nestor in. But you're
wasting your time.

Where was I? In the garden,
near Professor Calculus who was
pruning his roses! I was watering
the geraniums when I heard Signora
Castafiore shouting... I looked up
at the windows...

Oho! You admit you could
see the windows
from where you
were?

Certainly, sir. Then, as the
cries continued, I dropped my
watering can and hastened
towards the house

You were in a hurry to
reach the house, eh?
That is all. Please ask
the Captain to send
in Irma

Sniff... I was busy sewing
in my room... sniff... Suddenly... sniff... I heard madame
calling out. sniff... I ran to
her room. sniff... just in
time... sniff... to catch her
in my arms... sniff...
as she fainted.
sniff.

Aha!

Your mistress has told us she spent about
a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In
short, knowing her habits, you would
have had an opportunity to enter her
room, without any noise, and slip out
with the emerald... or drop it from the
window to an accomplice... To Nestor,
for instance!... Come on! Confess!

EEEEEEEEK!

Help!

Tintin!
Save me!



They... sniff... they accused me... sniff... of stealing...
sniff... madame's emerald. I... sniff... who...
have never... sniff... taken a pin... sniff... which...
didn't belong to me... sniff... In fact... sniff... It was...
I... sniff... who had my little scissors stolen... sniff...
and my beautiful... sniff... silver thimble. And they dare...
accuse me... sniff... those wicked men!



BOO-HOO-HOOO!



"Is that true? Did you really accuse her?"

Er... well... I... sort of... You see, it's a trick... that comes off some-times.



Just a slight mishap. An occupational hazard...
Will you send in Calculus?

Certainly. But if I were you, I'd try some other method.



Professor, is it true that Nestor was near you when Signora Castafiore first cried out?

Not at all! It's not in the least inconvenient, I've been told about the theft, and I am heart-broken for the dear lady, heart-broken.



Yes... well... er... To get back to my question, Professor...

I thought of that at once, of course... And I'd already come to certain conclusions before you sent for me.



No! no! no! I won't stand for it!

Of course, it's only a matter of simple direction finding; watch my pendulum.



On so there you are!

It's swinging to the south-east. In fact it's pointing...



What is this I hear? You had the effrontery to accuse Irma? My honest Irma! I won't stand for it! To attack a poor, weak woman! I shall complain to the United Nations!

in the direction of the gipsy camp

And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma

I leave this house immediately. I shall tell the Captain'

You see? It points south east

Now .. where were we?

You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.

A camp? What are you talking about?

Excuse me! I must stop you there! They are real gypsies. I've seen them as clearly as I see you!

I say your friend Calculus is he a bit... or, you know? He keeps on talking about a gipsy encampment

Yes, that's right. There's a Romany camp quite close

Is that true? ... Why didn't you say so before? ... They're the villains, without a shadow of doubt!

But look here, what proof have you?

Proof? We shall find it!... Those sort of people are always thieving! There's no time to be lost: take us to their camp

All right, I will. But you've no right to suspect them just because they're gypsies.

I'll be surprised if they're still there. Having done the job, they'll have bolted.

[I don't think so!]

Where's the camp?

Well?

They... they've gone!... But I saw them only last night...

What did I tell you? They've done a bunk.

They won't have got far

... calling all patrols [Intercept band of gypsies. Believed to have left Martinspike within past few hours for unknown destination ...



Two days later . . .

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues" . . . etc. etc. Ah! The gypsies who were camping near Marlinspike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair. "There!"

Those poor things . . . And I'm also very certain they are innocent.

Me too. I'd stake my life on it . . . but . . .

Tintin! Captain! My dear friends! . . . A sensational discovery! San-san-tion-all! . . . I've just invented a television set!

You old pioneer!

Colour television, of course! The other day looking at all those sets I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone has already . . .

Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully. The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio? . . . What about that?

The studio? Er . . .

I don't need to tell you . . . In the studio the subjects are all in colour. Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours! . . . How? . . . Well roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcocolor".

But that's brilliant!

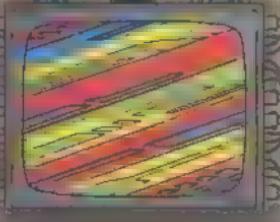
You think so? . . . In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scandrama" . . . Will you join me?

That evening

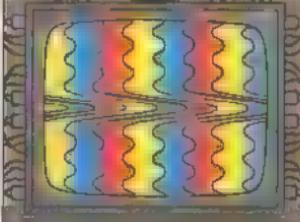
Now my friends, hold your breath! . . . This is an historic moment!



Tonight . . . BING Scandrama BONG your look at life. DONG



brings the big news of three continents to your Fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up-of:



. . . the 21st Tachist Party Congress at Szekhod, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinspike.

We . . . be . . .

What a coincidence!

How very strange!

At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szolnök, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...

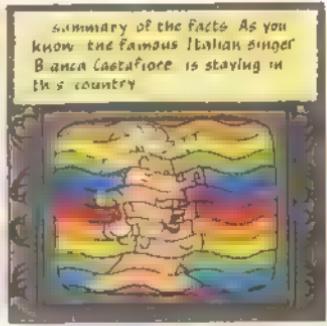
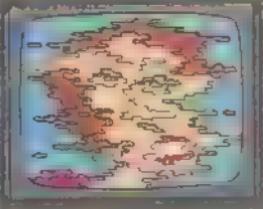
The picture isn't absolute
ly clear, but
I can adjust
it.

DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGODOG
DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG

All right, en?
The sound!
Thundering
typhoons
adjust the
sound!

That's better.
SMH' it?

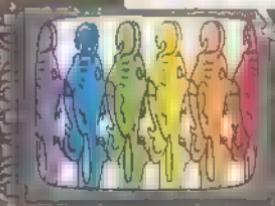
It's the
sound, now



Ah, my beauty past
compare Is that me? Oh
how very ble

At historic Marlinspike Hall, the
prima donna was the victim of a
daring robbery. A magnificent
emerald diamond mysteriously!

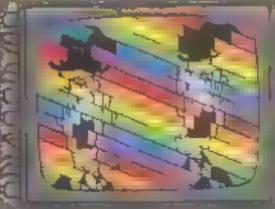
Today a Scandrama reporter went
down to Marlinspike and spoke to
the officers in charge of the case.
Over to Thompson and Thomson



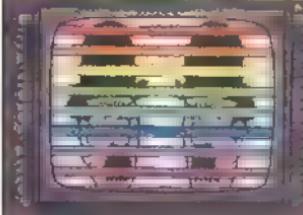
No, our lips are sealed. We can't
tell you whom we suspect, but
it isn't anyone in the house.
Hush's the word, you know.

Yes, dumb's the word, that's our
motto. So we're not allowed to
tell you about the gypsies, though
we suspected them from the start...

Especially after they clift their
lamp... er... left their camp, the
morning after the robbery. But
we soon ran them to earth, and
then when we searched their cara-
vans we made a startling discovery!



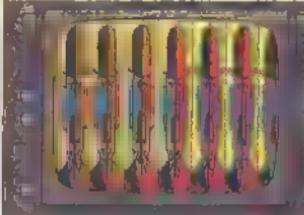
Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...



...we found a messed-up Flunkey er...a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall; in fact, a man of remarkable agility. And that man has been found: the monkey! Of course the whole bunch...



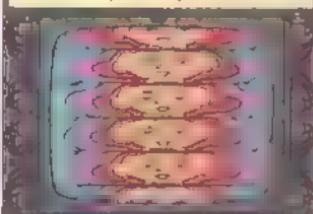
...denied it furiously. The scissory had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



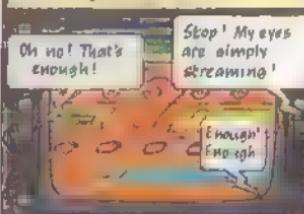
So that's how things stand but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play. Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...



Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but...



My eyeballs are doing the shimmy



I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!

The next morning

Poor gypsies! I'm still convinced they're innocent. I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



Hello! There's Mr Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike



He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy



We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change.



Surely I didn't imagine it... I just saw Mr Wagner going off on his bike... so who can be playing the piano?

What have you found, Snowy?

Woah! Woah!

Oho! Someone's hidden a ladder down here. Better and better! .. Well, since it's here, we'll make use of it.

He won't be back yet. Up we go!

?

?

?

Great snakes!

A battery tape recorder! It's a playback of his own scales! But what's it all in aid of?

Why? Why? ... Well, Mr. Wagner, we're going to find out! First, I must be quick and put the ladder back.

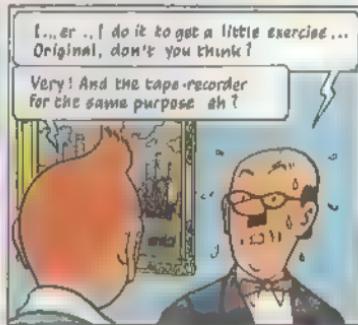
Tadde!

Hide yourself somewhere, Snowy, and don't make a sound

WOAH

And now, maestro I'm ready for you

No one about. I... risk it



Thanks. But why did you save me from her?

I wanted to act you alone. Now, sit down at the piano. It's safer. Then talk!

At right! I'll tell you everything. It's the horses. I'm a gambler. You see I go to the village every day to telephone my bets..

Hmm!

Is that so? Still, you weren't in the village when the emerald was stolen... when some unknown person fell down the stairs. It was you, wasn't it?

Yes, I was.

I'd been up to the attic... and on my way down I heard Signora Castafiori cry out... I hurried to get back to my piano, and missed the step.

Why were you in the attic?

Well, on a number of evenings I thought I heard someone walking about up there... at dusk... like the signora did on the night we arrived. In the end I decided to get to the bottom of it.

Why didn't you simply ask us?

I didn't want to make a fool of myself if it was only a false alarm. Anyway, I didn't find anything.

One day, point Mr Wagner. The day after you came, I found your footprints under Signora Castafiori's window.

Golly, how some people do love to talk!

Yes, it's quite possible. After that incident during the night I went round there to make sure no one could have climbed the ivy.

Good. That's all the explanation I need.

No. I don't think Wagner stole the emerald. He seems to be telling the truth. Well, now I've got to find the real culprit!

In any case, I'll visit the attic tonight. We must follow every lead... Coming, Snowy?

Ah... it's late!

At nightfall

Ssh

I say, Timmy how long
must we stay here?

Seth Snowy
listens

CRACK

Pooh! It's only a rat, or a mouse
small I catch it!

Ssh

POK
POK
POK

Oh! Look over there! An old
owl, he must roost up here!

POK
POK

There's the "monster" who
races the attic and frightened
Signora Castafire when he
looked in her window.

TU-WHOO

We can go down now, Snowy.
There's nothing more up here.

Just another false
trail!

Why Captain!
You're better! How
wonderful!

Yes, the doctor's just
gone he's taken off
the plaster

You've no idea how good it feels to
be standing on my own two
feet again!

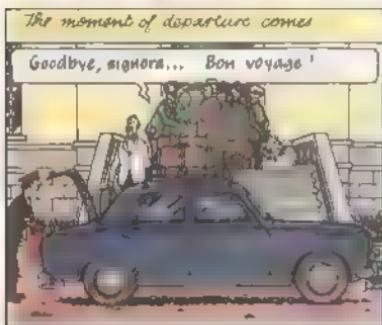
Careful!
Don't run

on that!



See you soon Doctor!





Oh, sir!... Sir!... The signora has forgotten this!

Thank you, Hector!
As a special favour, I'll send you a signed photograph.

This time they've really gone! It's all over! Finished!
No more scales! No more Mercy! my jewels!

MERCY!
MY JEWELS!

So it's you, clever dick! If you value your feathers, I advise you to put on another record

BILLIONS OF BLISTERING BARNACLES!
SHUT UP WHEN I'M TALKING!

Three days later

Yes... yes... yes, I know. It isn't my fault... what?
No, it isn't your fault either.
Yes... it was the band annual outing... Then I had a touch of flu, and... when?... To-morrow? Fraid that's impossible... Maybe the beginning of next week...

Just wait till I get my hands on you, Mr Bolt... Then you'll hear a bing or two!

Can't understand those folks... always in a hurry... Give themselves high blood pressure that's what they'll do

Have you seen this in the 'Daily Reporter'? It's about

... old Castoroffs
Yes, I read it

Just what I say, Arthur

Nightingale with a Broken Heart

MILAN, TUESDAY

'Triumph... superlative... sublime... unforgettable' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Caruso bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performance in Rossini's LA GAZZA, ADRA.

Time and again a delirious house recited the cheer curiously 'Bravo! Bravissimo!' But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castorfors emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Maraispica area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopai? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gypsies. And still no sign of the emerald. From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight

Still that ridiculous idea of a thieving monkey. Whoever heard of an animal so well trained that it goes straight to a particular object?

Talking of animals, do you know what that bird said?

But but Great Gheakes Why not?

Why not what?

Where are you going?
Where in the world?

I'll be back in a minute!

Wooh! Wooh!

I wonder what's got into him?

Tell me, Captain, is there any message you'd like to send to Signora Castafiore?

A message?... Me? For Castafiore?

No, a message!... I forgot to tell you, I'm leaving today for Milan: I'm going there to demonstrate my Super-Calcacolor to the International Television Congress. Naturally, I shall call upon our charming friend

Oh? Well, tell her whatever you like but for pity's sake, don't invite her back to Marlinspike!

That's very kind; I'll tell her she'll certainly be touched by your invitation

Captain! Captain!

Now what? Has he set the house on fire?

Is there a woodman anywhere near?

A woodman? Yes, Charlie Sawyer, in the village. But why?

Thanks!... Oh, I almost forgot. Ring up the Thompsons... Tell them to come here as soon as possible about the emerald.

About the emerald? What?

Later!... And remember to telephone, won't you?

But Tintin's back here



Half an hour later

We've only come as a special flavour... er, savour... er, well, so far as we're concerned there's absolutely nothing Tintin can add to the case. Once and for all, the job was done by the gypsies, with the help of their monkey



It's as clear as day to us, eh Thompson?

To be precise: dear as clay That's my opinion and I'm stuck with it!

There's only one thing Tintin can tell us: where the emerald is hidden

And if you'll come with me, gentlemen I will do precisely that!



You've discovered where the gypsies have hidden the emerald?

The gypsies haven't hidden anything...

Look up there... That's where you'll find the key to the whole mystery!

There?

Up where?

Yes, where up there?

Up there, in that poplar...

That poplar?... All I can see is a nest.

Yes, but it's a magpie's nest, Captain.

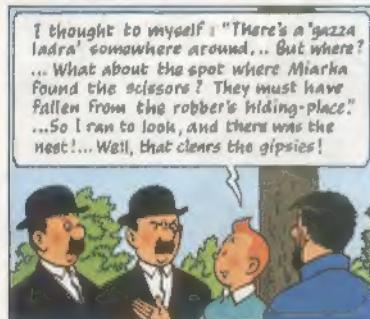
What? You mean to say...

That a magpie stole the emerald: yes, I'd bet my life on it.

Thundering typhoons! And you borrowed that kit from old man Sawyer to climb up to the nest...

Exactly!





What are you doing ?

It's...er...it's the... it's the emerald... it fell on the grass... and the grass is green...

As green as grass!

That's rich!... Yes, that's rich!... Oh, it's marvellous!

It could happen to anybody...

Wooh! Wooh!
Here's your
brandy-ball!

A few minutes later...

Goodbye, my friends. I'm just off... Is there any message for Signora Castafiore?

Yes, indeed!

Wonderful news! You can tell her that her emerald has been found... by Tintin!

Oh no! I'm flying: it's so much quicker.

I said the Castafiore emerald has been found!
THE EMERALD !!

Certainly not... I never do... I make it a point of honour to declare everything at the customs... Goodbye.

It's all right, Captain... Calm down! All we have to do is to send a telegram to Signora Castafiore.

I won't forget to give her your invitation...

We're off now... taking the mule to Japan...er, making the gruel...fucking the jewel... Anyway, goodbye, Captain.

Goodbye!

Goodbye! And thanks for trying to help with the case.

Have you got the emerald?

No, you've got it!

Excuse me, I gave it to you!

You certainly did not...

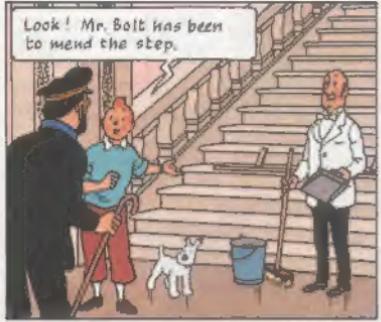
Next morning...

What a glorious walk... Not a cloud in the sky! ... Perfect peace! ... Wonderful!...

Ah, there you are! Look here!

Why?... What's happened?
... Don't tell me
SHE's come back!

Look! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.



That's wonderful! ... Ah, he's put a board across it to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.



Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember: don't put your foot on that step!

Right, Captain.

Indeed, sir.



For the next few days you must step over... like tha-a-at! You understand?

Yes, Captain. Very good, sir.



You see? It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...



DONG!

Hello... Who's that?



It's me again... I forgot to tell you...



Ah, Mr. Bolt! It was nice of you to come...



TU-WHOOP
That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!

